

# The Saturday Gazette.

## BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.  
CHARLES M. WILSON, Associate Editor.

OFFICE,  
Bloomfield, N. J.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, GENERAL NEWS AND LOCAL INTERESTS. \$2.00 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE

VOL. III.—NO. 41

Saturday, October 10, 1874

Single Copies, 5 Cents

THE  
**SATURDAY GAZETTE,**  
BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.  
BLOOMFIELD, CALDWELL AND N. J.  
AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL  
OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, POL-  
ITICS, GENERAL NEWS, AND ES-  
PECIALLY OF LOCAL IN-  
TERESTS.

All PUBLIC and LOCAL questions, in-  
cluding political and social, sanitary and re-  
formatory, educational and industrial top-  
ics, will be clearly presented and fully and  
fairly discussed.

It is intended and expected to make it  
not only acceptable and interesting to the  
general reader, but of special value to citi-  
zens of Essex county and of real importance  
to every resident of Bloomfield, Montclair,  
Caldwell, Belleville and Verona.

Nothing will be admitted to its columns  
that is unworthy of candid welcome to  
every family.

Subscriptions and advertisements will  
be received and forwarded by the  
Postmaster, who will be allowed to retain  
50 cents as commissions on new subscribers  
also at our office in Bloomfield, or may be  
sent by mail.

WM. P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor,  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

**North Ward National Bank**  
OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

THIS Institution commenced business on the  
10th of February last, in the Rhodes Build-  
ing, No. 443 Broad street, nearly opposite the  
N. J. R. R. Depot. It is a very convenient place  
for the residence of Bloomfield, Montclair and  
Verona, who desire to have banking facili-  
ties in Newark.

**DIRECTORS.**  
J. M. Rhodes, President.  
J. G. Darling, Wm. T. Jones,  
J. E. Hughes, J. W. Woodruff,  
F. T. Doremus, Joseph M. Smith,  
Benj. F. Green, Joseph Condit,  
H. M. Rhodes, George Rogers, George Ross, Charles  
Mar. 1-17

**CITIZENS' Insurance Company,**  
443 BROAD STREET,  
Newark, N. J.

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$300,000.  
ASSETS, OVER \$300,000.  
JAS. J. DARLING, President.  
A. P. SCHAEFF, Secretary.  
C. BRADLEY, Surveyor.

**PEOPLES Savings Institution,**  
443 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers  
held this day, a dividend at the rate of  
7 PER CENT. PER ANNUM FREE OF  
TAXES, was declared on all deposits entitled  
thereunto as of the 1st of May, payable on and  
after May 10th.

Interest not drawn will be credited as  
accrued from May 1st. Deposits made on  
or before May 20, will draw interest from  
May 1st.

This Institution will remove on or about  
April 15th to its new Banking room, num-  
ber 443 Broad St., under the Continental  
Hotel.

H. M. RHODES, President.  
JAS. J. DARLING, Secretary.

**THE MUTUAL Life Insurance Co.**  
OF NEW YORK.

F. R. WINTON, President.

Continued to give Policies of Insurance upon  
Savings to the sum of \$100,000. This Com-  
pany is limited to one hundred thousand per  
cent. On the 10th day of December 1873, there  
were \$4,410 Policies in force.

The Total Assets of the Company, were—  
\$46,000,557.67.  
and the Surplus divided to Policy Holders  
amounted to  
\$3,727,785.63.

It is believed that no Company in this coun-  
try can afford equal advantages to insureds  
in respect of security as money of management  
and large returns by way of dividends.

Applications for Insurance may be made to  
the Company directly, or to its Agents.  
Losses are paid by Bond and mortgage on ap-  
proved real estate, or by cash, at the option of  
the insured.

**SMITH & TOWNLEY.**  
WHOLESALE  
**DRUGGISTS.**  
AND DEALERS IN  
**BROOKLYN WHITE LEAD PAINT.**  
**OILS &c.**  
361 BROAD STREET,  
NEWARK, N. J.

**DENTIST.**  
**DR. P. J. KOONZ,**  
No. 1 GREAT JONES ST. near Broadway,  
NEW YORK.

**DENTISTRY.**  
**W. E. PINHAM, D.D.S.**  
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College,  
476 BROAD STREET, NEWARK.

**ALEXANDER McKIRGAN.**  
Successor to Reed & McKirgan.  
**DENTIST.**  
No. 48 Bank Street, NEWARK, N. J.

**DR. J. W. STICKLE.**  
**Surgeon Dentist,**  
Office and Residence 72 Orange Street.  
Near Broad Street.  
One Block from M. & E. R. R. Depot.  
NEWARK, N. J.

**Gold Fillings a Specialty.**  
Nitrous Oxide Gas administered on the new  
plan. No danger from extracting, when Artificial  
Teeth are removed. Dr. F. B. Manderville, Wm. J.  
Andrews, G. R. Kent, W. E. Hitchcock, H. C.  
Ketchum, W. S. Ward, W. M. West, Dentist, Rev.  
J. T. Crane, D. D. Newark, N. J. Rev. R.  
Vanhook, F. E. Jersey City, C. E. Little, R. B.  
Collins, J. W. Scran, Newark, N. J. D. Wal-  
terton Island, Meads, David Campbell, H. M.  
Shodan, W. H. Drummond, Geo. O. Drackley,  
James A. Banister, Henry Hagel, W. N. Ryer-  
son, John A. Bogue, A. Paul Schmitt, Newark,  
N. J. A. D. Baldwin, E. A. St. John, Orange,  
T. C. Houghton, East Orange Jan 24-1874

**SWAN QUILL Action.**  
**SPENCERIAN**  
**STEEL PENS.**  
These Pens are comprised in 15 numbers: of  
the NUMBER ONE PEN alone was sold more than  
5,000,000  
In 1873,  
and the sale is continually increasing.  
They are of superior English make, and are  
justly celebrated for their elasticity, durability,  
in evenness of point. For sale by the trade gen-  
erally.  
To accommodate those who may wish to try  
these Pens, we will send a Sample Card, con-  
taining all of the 15 numbers, by mail, on re-  
ceipt of 2 cents.  
IVESON, BLACKMAN, TAYLOR & CO.  
August 185 & 160 Grand Street, New York

**LYON & AMES,**  
**MANUFACTURING STATIONERS,**  
97 Thomas Street, 60 BROAD STREET  
NEW YORK CITY.

**A. STATIONERY DEPARTMENT**  
In this department we keep a very  
superior and carefully selected stock of  
Pens, Ink, Paper, Envelopes and the like  
usually found in New York stores, besides  
which we have Ladies' English and French  
Note Papers and Envelopes, London and  
Vienna Pocket Books, in great variety  
Pocket Outlets, (first class) Initial Paper,  
etc., Visiting Cards and Monograms and  
the like promptly and cheaply furnished

**B. BLANK BOOK DEPARTMENT.**  
In this department we handle both the  
large variety of Account Books, to be  
found on our shelves, from the little pocket  
Memorandum to the Royal Ruled  
Ledger, and the better class of books we  
make to order. We make books of any  
pattern to order in the best manner known  
to the trade, and never fail of giving sat-  
isfaction. Checks, Drafts, Note and other  
similar work lithographed to order in all  
colors and styles.

**C. PRINTING DEPARTMENT.**  
With a practical experience of over  
10 years in the printing business, and  
every new process and type, we have fa-  
cilities in this department of our business  
which enables us to combine promptness  
and cheapness with taste and excellence of  
execution beyond those usually afforded in  
one office.  
We shall be happy to furnish estimates  
of all kinds of Blank Books and Printing.  
If inconvenient, please call at our office, a line  
by mail will secure our prompt attention.

For the Saturday Gazette.

### The Bells of Lynne

On the cold northern coast of the Atlan-  
tic, where the rough waves roll in, and  
with careless sounding break upon the rug-  
ged shore, stood the village of Lynne. It  
has grown to be a town now, and in the  
busy thriving harbor, one can no longer  
recognize the little harbor of years ago.

Yet if you take your way down along  
the side of the sea, where a few small fish-  
ermen's cottages are still scattered here and  
there, you may hear floating stories of the  
days long past, and the legends of old  
Lynne.

Among the many tales treasured up in  
memories of the present dwellers is one  
they always love to tell—the Bells of  
Lynne.

In the earliest days of the village, when  
a few rude huts or cottages made up the  
little place, it was situated, not where the  
town is now, but about a mile south  
from the sea by a narrow high cliff that  
towered with threatening aspect over the  
clustering homes of fishermen and sailors,  
nestling at their feet. A long stretch of  
sand lay spread out before the cliffs, reach-  
ing down to the sea—exactly as of water;  
and far back over the sand, a brownish  
wedge of fields led to a dreary forest of  
mossy pines.

But as years rolled on, Time, the mould-  
er and carver of all things, wrought a  
wonderful change. New settlers came,  
the fields were cultivated, the woods were  
cleared, and the high stone tower and  
mossy waters afforded a high stone tower  
and spire and building of a town, which still  
keeps growing and extending like magic  
rose.

About halfway up the cliff, a broad ledge  
extended along its side for quite a  
distance. Here, the shelter of the  
hard rock walls, a high stone tower was  
built, and on its lofty top a massive iron  
bell was hung. When the treacherous  
waves crept too far over the marking rocks,  
and dashed with maddened force along the  
shrinking coasts, its deep, loud tones  
might be heard, and the number of alter-  
ing and mingling with the tumultuous  
of the ocean. Many times on dark and  
stormy nights, its timely warning kept  
from a fearful fate the vessels and boats  
that were being driven in upon the land by  
the violence of the sea.

At last, as the village increased in num-  
bers, a little church was joined to the old  
tower, and another bell hung therein. Its  
tone was clear and high, and the ringing  
notes were often heard calling all to come  
to the service of Love, under the shadow  
of the shining cross that pointed ever from  
the tower up to the peaceful land. When  
a long look for ship sailing into the har-  
bor, and about absent ones returned, its  
sweet sounds floated downward, bearing  
the good news to each glad heart.

So it came to pass that the people grew  
to love their bells, and listened with joy  
when the pure voice of the one blended  
its music with the rippling flash of the  
other. And the bells were loved, and the  
waves in their ebb and flow, but a cold  
shudder ran through their hearts when the  
solemn, heavy clang of the other went  
forth over the gloomy, muttering sea, and  
filled each soul with dread forebodings.

Jasper Keene was the name of the old  
bell-ringer; his strong arm it was that for  
nearly a score of years had performed that  
service faithfully. His little cottage stood  
close by the tower and church. Here he  
lived through the quiet days with his  
son's wife, Elizabeth. For "Jasper"  
had followed the sea many years, and  
seldom was at home for any length of  
time.

Thus the weeks and months flew past,  
and brought little change to the cottage  
under the cliff, except that the arm of the  
old man was gradually losing its strength,  
and the hair of Elizabeth gleamed in the  
dark hair of Elizabeth. The short, vir-  
tuous, and far between, of the sailor husband,  
when his ship returned from distant voy-  
ages, brought sunshine and joy to the  
humble home, leaving a beam of happiness  
behind to lighten the cloud of sorrow at  
his departure.

At these times "Jasper's" son, Willie,  
would catch the ardor of desire for an  
ocean life, and from his father's tales, a  
glow of excitement that his mother marked  
with trembling. At last, when "Little  
Willie" had grown into a tall, hearty lad,  
he took leave of his father, and his father  
on the sea, and the old bell-ringer and  
his daughter were left desolate and alone.

One black autumn night, the clouds that  
had been gathering thick and dark  
throughout the dreary day suddenly burst  
and fell in a wild and fearful storm.  
The fishing boats, which were driven  
mercilessly by tempestuous force in  
toward the dangerous coast. But no bell  
sent forth its usual peal upon the troubled  
air; in the old tower not the faintest glim-  
mer of a light could be discerned. The  
inhabitants of Lynne were in the village  
waited long and breathlessly, but in vain.

Unexpectedly, the white-winged, unseen  
messenger had come to the cottage by the  
church, and old Jasper lay dying. Clam-  
ored to his side, Elizabeth heeded not  
the rage and violence of the elements  
without, until a rolling column of thunder  
aroused her very soul. A quick firm im-  
pulse seized her. Tearing herself from the  
tightening, stifling grasp of the old man,  
with a shout to shield or protect her, she  
rushed forth into the intense awfulness  
of the night. A few steps brought her to  
the tower. Up the dizzy, winding flights  
of stairs she climbed, until the top was  
gained. A white hand stretching through  
the darkness, the faintest murmur of a  
prayer, and down over the crags to the  
wondering villagers, went forth one deep,  
resounding clang. The blasting artillery  
of the storm burst back, and the angry  
breakers in their roaring swallowed up  
all other sounds, and with a hopeless wail,  
like the cry of a despairing soul, the throb-  
bing voice of the bell died away.

Again the people waited, but again in  
vain. No other stroke fell upon their  
listening ears through the long, long  
night.

At last, the golden storm passed over.

The cold, grey morning broke, but  
brought no great relief to the hearts  
and homes of Lynne. For a dread  
held the gaze of all—the wreck of a ship  
strewn over the shore. Here and there  
among the timbers, half buried in the sand,  
where rigid forms of brave men who had  
died in their awful fate. And high upon  
the cruel rocks was one whom they all  
loved and loved. Both hands, in a tight,  
unyielding grasp, were clung around a  
broken spar, and over the motionless feet  
the surging waves broke in spray.

The little groups of villagers gathered  
around, and as they looked upon the white  
face before them, whispered among them-  
selves, pointing up to the cottage and the  
cliffs. Many wept and sighed as they  
told each other how those bold men  
who had dared the storm had found  
the "poor wife," Elizabeth, senseless  
at the top of the stairs in the old tower,  
and how she had died, for she had been  
which had given way, even at the moment  
when the "silver cord" of the life of the  
old bell-ringer had snapped in twain.  
They had borne her down to the cottage  
and found there the lifeless body of her  
father. Now another one was taken, and  
they asked: "Who should go and bear  
the news of woe to the stricken one?"  
Two women, good and kind, were sent  
after a while to "tell Elizabeth" and pre-  
pare her to receive him who would never  
more come with greeting. As they drew  
near to the little house, they saw her stand-  
ing in the doorway. They paused a mo-  
ment and thought: "How could you speak!  
But she herself advancing, came to meet  
them, and before they could utter a word,  
she said softly and slowly: "There is no need  
of words, my friends. I know it all. He  
told me himself. He said his father went to  
help. Bring his body gently up to him.  
No! I do not need you. Go! and with a  
far-off look in her calm eyes she turned and  
went back into the still house.

In a few days all that was mortal of the  
old bell-ringer and Jasper, his son, was hid  
under the ground. His body was laid in  
the old church, and the number of alter-  
ing graves around the little church, and Eliza-  
beth went once more to dwell in her for-  
mer home in the village.

Often, on pleasant days, a white-haired  
woman, a sad smile on her face, sat with-  
out the door, looking out upon the sea. In  
her thoughts she would be taken back to  
years when a child, she had played on the  
shining sands, gathering shells and green  
seaweed, or when a happy maiden, she  
had lingered on the shore at sunset time,  
with a glance only for out, whose boat  
she knew, as it glided lightly over  
the waves.

Again she seemed to walk joyfully by  
his side up the narrow, winding path to  
the little church, while above, the sweet  
tuned bell rang out her marriage song  
on passing over the dark, shadowed  
days, she wondered why Willie did not  
come. Had her own gone from her all?  
The grey hair whiter grew, the smile  
more sad, but still she patiently wait-  
ed.

One afternoon as the twilight hour drew  
nigh, she sat at her usual place looking  
out upon the sea, and the sinking sun  
lit up a group of fishermen children  
who were gathered on the rocks below, and  
hearing their glad voices, she turned and  
watched them for a while. Some one was with  
them coming down the road. A tall strange-  
looking man; and the little one gazing up  
into his brown, and bearded face, pointed  
to where she sat alone. As he approached  
nearer, a radiant light broke over her  
features. Rising hastily, with a few totter-  
ing steps, the weary mother fell into the  
warm embrace of her faithful son.

But no words came in answer to the ten-  
der kisses pressed upon her brow: until a  
day later, when Willie came, Willie  
kneeling by her side, she stretched forth  
her thin hands, softly stroked his hair,  
manly face, and murmured: "My  
Willie! he has come at last." Then in a  
few moments she added: "What is it I  
hear? Is it the old bell-ringing so loudly?  
It is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we  
were wed. Are we going to the church  
again? Listen, why are the bells ringing  
so fast, so high? Come nearer, Willie, it  
is growing deeper, clearer, and sweeter—  
and Jasper! my Jasper stands near me. Don't  
you see your father, Willie? He is holding  
out his hands to me, just as on the day we